

The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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Mr. Cable and the Creoles.

HUNDREDS of thousands of Northern people have taken the chances of the last winter to verify Mr. Cable's account of the Creoles of Louisiana. He has had the help of the Great Exhibition in making people of another race and of other training understand how 'a Latin civilization, sinewy, valiant, cultured, rich and proud, holds out against extinction.' The more sensible of these people carried with them as their best guide-book the elegant volume which the Scribners issued last fall, 'The Creoles of Louisiana'—and all the most enthusiastic of the sensible ones peered into the garden gates of New Orleans with his charming novels in their hands, and felt quite sure that they had discovered the homes of Madame Nancanon and of Palmyre Philosophe.

There is something a little pathetic and very amusing in the faint protest which a few of the old Creoles make against Mr. Cable—as if he had dishonored a race to which, in fact, he has paid most loyal and noble tributes. But we may see the same sensitiveness anywhere. The perfect Knickerbocker of New York never saw the fun of Irving's 'History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty.' And at this moment, whoever is fortunate enough to sit at an old-fashioned Boston dinner-table, will hear it explained by his next neighbor at some length, that Mr. Howells, in his exquisite portraiture from Boston life, does not understand the limits of the Back Bay, nor know the true Bostonian when he sees him. But the world of American readers, on the whole, will remember Irving and Howells and Cable together, and will remember them very gratefully. Mr. Cable has revealed a new world to most American readers, and he has done it so truly, and with such thorough sympathy, that he might have been sure of the gratitude and applause of the Creole race. It seems as if his books, with such aid for the moment as the Exhibition has given, might at last teach the great multitude of frozen people who hibernate in New York, New England, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other countries which are warmed by the North Star, what a wonderful and beautiful and fascinating region they have close under their lee, for semi-tropical travel, and—which is so much better—semi-tropical rest. The happy end of the Rebellion made it possible for a Northern man to go into a Southern State without losing his self-respect. A vigorous effort to colonize Florida from the North helped on a certain languid flow, every spring, to St. Augustine, Jacksonville and Magnolia, of a few thousand people with delicate lungs and their sisters—with occasionally a brother or a father who could be spared so long from the grinding. But, let us confess it in the still secrecy of this reading, the resources of Florida for the adventurer who wishes four-months' relief from goloshes and splash are somewhat limited. One cannot make sketches in St. Augustine for two months in every year, and shoot alligators for two more. It is then a benefaction to America at large—certainly to all that part of America which prefers living in plenty, gladness, perfume and sunshine, to dying in labor,

wretchedness, cold and thaw,—a benefaction, when Mr. Cable opens the portals of Louisiana, shows us its charms, and tempts us perhaps to follow a lead so attractive, and carry the great adventure farther, even to 'San Antone,' to El Paso, and to the Halls of Montezuma. Up to his time there were twenty Northerners every winter in Pau, in Mentone, in Nice, and on the rest of the Mediterranean coast, for one who escaped a wintry spring by going to our own Gulf of Mexico. In future years, as with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, we eat the sunny side of an orange and hear legends of Lafitte, or as with Mr. Robertson we compare a Fire Rose against the old Solfaterra, we shall all thank Mr. Cable who showed to us a way so excellent.

It is fair to say that all the readers of THE CRITIC have read Mr. Cable's stories. The exceptions are so few and so insignificant that they need not be counted. Now they all want to know how much is historically true and how much is imaginary in this; 'also especially'—as our dear transplanted German friends say so nicely,—they want to see exactly the frame in which such charming pictures are to be hung. All their questions are answered by Mr. Cable in his book on the Creoles. He was a historical student before he was a novelist, as every one knows who in the old days had the good fortune to consult him, on any matter which bore on the French occupation of the great valley of the great River. And what a marvellous story all this is which he has to tell of that occupation. The old slow-coach line of Phi Beta Kappa orators and other heavy-weights used to tell us fifty years ago that there was going to be an Augustan Age of American poets and novelists who were going to write about———, about——— 'our magnificent prairies, our immeasurable rivers, and our pathless forests.' Nay, some of us can remember a bookseller's advertisement of those days which said, day after day, 'A supply of the "Yamoyden" kept constantly on hand,—as you might say of skullcap, or any other native sedative. But, to tell the truth, this unbounded prairie literature had in it but few of those broken lights which the carnal eye longs for. They were like the gigantic landscape representations which the artists of that pre-historic time used to bring down from the White Mountains in October. All the same, when a man of genius appears, it proves that every fascinating scene for romance, and every critical moment are ours. Take this beautiful book of Mr. Cable's, and read his sketch of the history of the first planting of Louisiana. Why, really, it was only the turn of a straw that d'Artagnan and Aramis and Porthos in their old age did not look in on the 'coast,' and shoot alligators, and crack pecan nuts, or feast on pompano, with their friends D'Iberville and the youngster Bienville. Who shall say that you could not still find in Paris the hostelry where those dear old heroes fought their battles over to the delight of their Canadian friends, a hundred and fifty years before Dumas spun on the threads of the old story? Why, here was an establishment maintained by those gorgeous, fatuous, indolent and elegant courts of Louis XVI. and XVII., and of the Regency between. None of them knew what they maintained them for. If they had inquired and looked up among their own papers, they would have found that there was a certain wax-tree there, and that the King expected some day or other to have some candles from it. Was there cotton or sugar? Not an ounce. Silk? Not a fibre. Wheat? Not a grain. What was there? A steady outgo of crown expenses, for a hundred years, to maintain a colony where a handful of gentlemen held the mouth of a great river. At the end of the hundred years the King gives away this costly colony to his cousin, the particular idiot who at that moment fills the throne of Spain. At the end of a hundred years more, the valley which that river waters supplies food, not to say clothing, to the people of half the world. Beginning with the days of Louis XVI. and coming down to the Civil War nearly two hundred years after, think what romance is woven in with this Creole history. Bienville's matchless leader-

ship, the mysteries of interior adventure, the Natchez massacre. All of a sudden we are ceded to Spain; then we are at war with England; this Yankee, Oliver Pollock, begins sending powder to Pittsburg. Meanwhile we have insurrections at home and bloody suppressions of the same. Then the English get a foothold in Florida. They are very disagreeable neighbors. Down the river come these dirty-shirt people from Tennessee and Kentucky—'half horse and half alligator.' Here is Philip Nolan one day, bothering the Governor about a pass; and he shows John James Audubon a gull he shot yesterday. All of a sudden we find ourselves Americans; and here is the rascal Wilkinson, with his rascal friend Burr, crossing the Place d'Armes. A little later and here is Andrew Jackson; and yonder, alas! are Packenham and Gibbs and Keane. A short hour, and before nine o'clock in the morning, an English army is driven away from New Orleans, and two thousand brave men are dead or wounded; and this sixteen days after the two nations were at peace, had they only known it. All through this wilderness of romance survives this sturdy scion of the French race which celebrates the carnival with unheard-of display, which rejoices on the fourth of July; and ten days later, with far greater enthusiasm, commemorates that great Fourteenth that saw the fall of the Bastille.

Mr. Cable has carefully followed out the lines of this fascinating history in his book on the Creoles. Exquisite engravings, and the perfect descriptions wrought in by this pen of his, so light and so firm, make real the actors in the varied scene. If his Creole friends are not satisfied this time, both with the historian and the history, they must indeed be hard to please.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Reviews

"The Rise of Silas Lapham."

'THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM' has been read with varying feeling, but it has been read. There can be no doubt that it has been greatly liked, and that in many ways it is extremely likeable. It seems ungracious, since nothing could have kept us from reading it while it was coming out, to lay it down now that it is finished without enthusiasm. Yet it is eminently one of the books that are read with a pleasurable glow from chapter to chapter, but laid down at the end without any final thrill of delight. It is a book that has been enjoyed, but not one that will be remembered. The admirers of Mr. Howells may well claim that as a realistic study it is extremely realistic, but not one of them will regret that in his new novel, 'Indian Summer,' he is returning to the dainty, refined, *spirituel* type of literature which is none the less realistic for dealing with cultivation. Educated people are just as real as uneducated people. The drama of their emotions, the tragedy of their griefs, the significance of their actions, are none the less real for being more complex. Almost any one can see the little tragedy in the life of an Irene Lapham, and realize and appreciate the good, clear commonsense with which such an American girl struggles out of her sentimental delusion. Because the average eye cannot see the deeper emotion of natures that have learned to hide their experience with the more skill as the experience increases in intensity, we are apt to feel that the skill of the artist who does see and portray it is more imaginative, less realistic, than that of one who simply photographs for us what we can all see. But nothing which exists is the less real simply for being out of sight. The sorrows of a milkmaid are just as worthy of delineation, says the realist, as the sorrows of a woman of the world. True; but the sorrows of a woman of the world are also just as worthy of delineation as the sorrows of a milkmaid, and they are more interesting, because more complex, unless the delineator of the milkmaid

possesses the one quality which Mr. Howells lacks—the quality of sympathy.

For we are by no means making a cold-blooded plea for the aristocracy of culture and intelligence in literature to the exclusion of the lowly born and bred. Who that remembers George Eliot's preference for the real, living, average human beings, 'among whom your life is passed, whom it is needful you should learn to tolerate, pity, and love,' would claim for an instant that the uncultivated is unworthy of a place in literature? Only we prefer the exclusiveness which is cold-blooded to the inclusiveness which is cold-blooded. If we are to have the uncultivated, we must learn to 'tolerate, pity, and love.' The trouble with Mr. Howells's study of the Laphams is that it is cold. It is not intentionally hard. Mr. Howells means well by Silas. He realizes that his 'rise' was in morals, not in social matters. He wishes us clearly to understand that Silas was greatly to be respected in spite of his uncouth manners. But after all we do not learn to 'tolerate, pity, and love' him. We do not like him any better when we put down the book than we did when we took it up. At the very beginning we had what is known as 'an inkling' that Silas was a good fellow at heart if we could learn to bear with his peculiarities, and after we have heard his story we have not learned to bear with the peculiarities. He is just as much as ever a man whom we should respect, but avoid, in real life. We should be very much more disturbed than even the Coreys were, if any young friend of ours thought of marrying his daughter. Mr. Howells is quite too good-natured to wish to make literary capital out of the frailties of a fellow-man; still, if he can satisfy his literary conscience by being very careful to give even Silas his due, he rather likes to take up Silas's peculiarities for analysis and reproduction. He will not allow himself to make fun of him, but it remains very evident that he is amused by him. He paints in all of Silas' good qualities with faithful conscientiousness, but it was not his good qualities that attracted Mr. Howells to him. He was a good 'subject,' and the author threw a sop to Cerberus by letting him also be a good man.

So we find fault with the photograph, not for being realistic, but for being hard. Even as a clever, amusing portraiture of *nouveaux-riches*, it is hardly just in all its details. Girls could not breathe the atmosphere of Boston for two years and remain as ignorant as Penelope and Irene Lapham. With them, as with their father, one fails to feel even the slight charm that is their due. It is impossible to rouse the slightest interest in their love-affairs. It is incredible that even Tom Corey, commonplace as he is for his position and opportunities, should fall in love with either of them. That he might be greatly entertained by them, that he should like them and persist in calling on them, and heartily enjoy Penelope, one might understand; but that he should feel a romantic, abiding passion for her is beyond belief. A *mésalliance* with one greatly inferior to Penelope might be made more credible through an atmosphere of picturesqueness which the half-cultivated Penelope never can weave about herself.

And yet it is impossible to leave thus lightly a book which after all we have greatly liked. Admirable in its 'touches,' faithful in its efforts to give every one his due, unexceptionable in its moral, and clever in its success in making a 'story' out of everyday effects—very everyday effects—without visible climax for a support, the book is one to interest and to please, even if it does not touch the deepest springs or inspire the most lasting and enthusiastic appreciation.

Political Reforms.*

HERE are two more criticisms of our national Government and of its present defects. The authors attempt to

* The Rise of Silas Lapham. By William D. Howells. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

* (1) Democratic Government. A Study of Politics. By Albert Stickney. New York: Harper & Bros. (2) Political Evolution; or, From Poverty to Competence. By C. A. Washburne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

show what ought to be done in the way of amendment, as well as to point out the evils which need correction. The readers of Mr. Stickney's book on 'A True Republic' will anticipate much from him, but they may be disappointed that he goes so far in his criticisms. His present work (1) is one fruitful of suggestions, and in the main its conclusions are to be accepted; but there is a little too much of a pessimistic vein in it to make it acceptable to all who are likely to read it. He suggests changes which are too sweeping, and he points out evils which are somewhat imaginary. In this time of free criticism it is well, however, that every defect in our Government should be made known. As a whole, we feel much more in sympathy with Mr. Stickney than with any other critic we have read, for many of his suggestions are sound and worthy of immediate adoption. He is brief, pointed, clear and practical. His criticism of the party system of government is just and greatly needed, and he shows wherein our Government is not democratic because under the control of party leaders. The changes he would make are numerous, but they mainly consist in an extension and general adoption of the town-meeting, and in the abolition of one legislative house.

The author of the other work before us (2) extends his field of inquiry over a much wider region, so that he embraces nearly every political and social question of the time in his speculations. He, too, would simplify our methods of administration; but he directs his main criticism against monopolies of all kinds. He would abolish monopoly in land, have none but a land-tax; and he would legislate against all kinds of monopoly. His book is a plea in behalf of the poorer classes, and against the tendencies which concentrate property in a few hands. He bases his conclusions on the social evolution of the race, appealing to historic examples and warnings. Much that he says is sound and worthy of acceptance, but like all speculators on social and political problems, he is too theoretical. Human nature is not yet ready for a common ownership of land; and the facts of history prove that the race made no great social advancement until private ownership of land began. There are evils in land-monopoly, but they are not to be gotten rid of by putting all lands into the possession of the government.

The American Version of the Psalms.*

AMERICAN Bible-readers have a natural interest in the American Appendix to the Revised Version, as containing the points of final disagreement between the English and American Companies; and Professor Lansing, of the Reformed (Dutch) Seminary at New Brunswick, has been at the pains of transposing the American and English readings, where they differed in the Book of Psalms, and relegating the latter to an appendix. The work seems to have been done with diligence, and helps us in a comparison of the American work with the English. This comparison falls out sometimes to the advantage of the former,—often again to that of the latter. Those who, in the case of the Revised Version of the New Testament, have grown accustomed to a preference for the American readings may need a caution against carrying over the same preference, indiscriminately, into the new translation of the Old Testament. In his preface, Dr. Lansing calls attention to only three particulars: (1) the American substitution of 'loving-kindness' for 'mercy,'—which is of questionable value; (2) that of 'Jehovah' for 'Lord,' which is a change in the right direction; (3) the American rejection of variant marginal readings from ancient versions and other ancient authorities,—which is in fact no merit, but a grievous offence. We do not comprehend how a scholar at all acquainted with the defective state of the Old Testament Hebrew text can say of these variants, as Dr. Lansing does: 'In preferring their

exclusion, the American Revisers have shown themselves to be in advance of the scholarship of the times, rather than behind it.' And when he adds, 'as will be seen when the other Shemitic languages come to be more thoroughly studied and understood, and more faithfully applied,' we venture to suggest that comparative philology does not furnish the laws of textual criticism. It is proper to add that this edition of the Psalms is published by the same firm that, four years ago, gave us the American Version of the New Testament, under the editorship of Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, and that the two are issued in one volume, as well as separately.

"London of To-day."*

INDUSTRIOUS readers of guide-books will find a solution to many of their difficulties in the happy idea happily carried out of Mr. Pascoe's 'London of To-day.' This idea is that all the guide-books need a supplement—a 'side-show,' as it were,—a nook-and-cranny department, wherein all sorts of rambling visitors' queries and perplexities may be solved and settled. These inquisitorial folk, for example, are never content with simple routes and itineraries. The ladies want to know about the shops, the music, the opera, and the theatres, and about fashionable London. The gentlemen are fidgety until they find out all about the sports and races, etc. Mr. Pascoe accordingly goes to work and compiles a most interesting and useful volume devoted to all these topics, and to many more. There are forty-seven chapters packed with information about hotels, boarding-houses, and lodgings—where to dine, what is going on in town, miscellaneous entertainments, drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace, Sunday in London, with mention of the principal places of worship, booksellers and book-shops, bric-à-brac and art-ware, picture-dealers, printsellers, shops for gentlemen and shops for ladies, photographers and jewellers and their wares, furniture old and new, glass and china, confectioners' shops, trains, cabs, and postal arrangements. In short, the book is an invaluable supplement to the ordinary guide-books for the itinerant tourist—a directory, travellers' book, and polyglot-guide all in one, for it talks in many tongues and tells him just what he wants to know. With this book, Hare's 'Walks in London,' and Dickens's 'Dictionary of London,' he will be armed cap-a-pie for the conquest of Babylon. Mr. Pascoe is a close, keen, omniscient observer. He rattles off his London as a Moslem devotee does his rosary; and he is full of literary reminiscence, too. A book thus spiced, packed, and perfumed, cannot fail to be popular.

"The Encyclopædia Britannica." Vol. XIX.†

THE condensed essays and careful digests of statistics which make up the ordinary burden of the Britannica's larger articles are present in the nineteenth volume in force. Elaborate estimates of the present state of certain large subjects are not wanting. They are given, for instance, in 'Physiology,' the general view of which is taken by Dr. Michael Foster, the physiology of the nervous system being treated by Dr. J. G. McKendrick, and that of vegetable life by S. Howard Vines of Cambridge University. The cultivation of fish is handled by an expert of Washington, Mr. G. Browne Goode, from whom we learn that the French have a better word than pisciculture (namely, *aquiculture*) for the cultivation of fish. In China and Germany the culture of carp is an important industry, and it seems to have been so in England three or four centuries ago, but to-day there is not a single well-conducted carp-pond in England, and the fish, escaping from cultivation, has reverted to a wild state and is of little value. Fish-culture was rediscovered in France and England during the early

* The Book of Psalms, with the Readings and Renderings Preferred by the American Committee of Revision Incorporated into the Text. Edited by Prof. John G. Lansing, D.D. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

* London of To-day: An Illustrated Hand-book for the Season. By C. E. Pascoe. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
† The Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. XIX. 'Phylactery' to 'Prozy.' (Ninth Edition.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

part of this century, but it was not till 1850, when the French Government founded an establishment in Alsacia, that fish-culture on a large scale began. Morgan W. Crofton makes the necessary calculations for an elaborate paper on the doctrine of 'Probabilities,' and the palæontologist of the Geological Survey, E. T. Newton, describes the extinct family of lizards called 'Plesiosaurians,' while Prof. E. Ray Lankester describes the 'Protozoa.' Under 'Poe' it is gratifying to find Professor Minto outspoken not only as regards the cruel exaggerations and downright lies foisted on the world for many years as facts in the life of Edgar Allan Poe, but positive concerning the high rank of Poe as a literary man. He calls him 'the most interesting figure in American literature,' and adds: 'There are few English writers of this century whose fame is likely to be more enduring. The feelings to which he appeals are simple but universal, and he appeals to them with a force that has never been surpassed.' On the other hand, the notice is of small value so far as a critical estimate of Poe's verse is concerned. One of the most exhaustive essays is the 'Poetry' of Theodore Watts—sixteen pages in answer to the question, What is poetry? At the end of the sixteen Mr. Watts has crowded the brain with facts historical and literary, names of poets and poems, but is as far as ever from having answered the question. 'The most truly passionate nature, and perhaps the greatest soul, that in our time has expressed itself in English verse is Elizabeth Barrett Browning; at least it is certain that, with the single exception of Hood in the 'Song of the Shirt,' no writer of the century has really touched our hearts with a hand so powerful as hers.'

It will give the subscribers to the Britannica joy to perceive that there is a likelihood of seeing very presently the end of the alphabet. R, S, T, and W, contain many titles which require notice, but none is a 'big letter,' and a few more volumes will close the set. Then, we suppose, will come the index, which must be in scope and minuteness worthy of this magnificent library of scientific facts, theories and miscellaneous information.

"A Satchel Guide to Europe."*

If a 'sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,' then a worry's crown of worry is turning over the leaves of such a book as this, and having to be a hopeless stay-at-home, notwithstanding. Every year this compact guide-book comes out, appetizingly full, revised to the last degree, irritatingly suggestive of a tour, bursting with maps and plans, yet just enough for the hasty-footed wanderer on his two- or three-months' jaunt. Its principle is to catch the salient points of such a tour and present them in lucid form to the hurry-skurrier who cannot stop long. Some things *must* be left out: everything cannot be seen in a month or two, though one had the eyes of Argus or the optics of a peacock's tail. Therefore be wise and see just what you can: see it well, see it connectedly, and pick up the dropped stitches after you return home. The wretched tourist of two months in the grip of the doubled-columned, doubled-fisted Murray or Galignani feels his soul driven out of him as he looks at the Vendôme columns of fine print, the reams of statistics and tabulated 'sights,' picture-galleries by the gross, churches as numerous as buttons. What can he do, or how fish out what he wants to see from this ocean of talk and disquisition? The editor of the excellent itinerary under discussion solves the difficulty for us: see two or three churches well and leave the others unseen. It won't break your heart to see the finest of the picture-galleries—and see it thoroughly—will it? On this sensible plan he takes his people easily and intelligently through the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy; and one may well infer that they do not regret it. If one chooses to devote his life to the 'dative case'—to Murray and Baedeker, as

we have done in sixteen Atlantic journeys—well and good; but in the end he will hardly remember any more than he finds in the 'Satchel Guide,' or if he does, he will long like Themistocles to be taught to forget.

The Parchment "Swift."*

'THE accident that compelled me to read Swift,' confesses his latest editor, 'was an illness. There is nothing like a good long illness for the cultivation of pure literature. It should not be too severe or needlessly painful, for then you may overshoot the mark and be too weary to read or be read to. It is possible to have too much of even the best things. But a proper, comfortable illness, that keeps you in bed, yet leaves you free to read; that banishes all the interruptions of life, the constitutional walks, the stupid visits, the annoying correspondence, the dressing and undressing, and all the other amenities of modern civilization, and allows you to lie at peace and read your fill, is among the best gifts of the gods. You soon forget to be sleepy and lazy; your mind displays an unwonted activity; and you become conscious of an insatiable craving for books.' In this way Mr. Lane-Poole read his two-volume, thousand-page Swift, and wrought out for our benefit and pleasure this dainty book of Swiftiana, comprising long selections from 'A Tale of a Tub,' 'The Battle of the Books,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'English Political Tracts,' 'Tracts for Ireland,' and other typicalities of the great Dean of St. Patrick's. People who are not blessed with 'a proper, comfortable illness,' or Sir Walter Scott's edition of the complete works in nineteen brown volumes, will thank the careful selector and editor of these specimen passages and chapters, 'glittering like burnished daggers,' gleaned from the most celebrated of English satirists. To be sure, such a beautifully got-up volume, spotless in its raiment of white parchment, purged of all grossness, white as Sir Galahad and blameless as King Arthur, gives a false idea of the gross, unpurged, impure, blameful Swift. Prune the man and you cut into his vital essence; but at least one will get some idea of his terrible force and earnestness, his blazing sarcasm, his riotous imagination; and that idea will be true as far as it goes.

Two Defences of Materialism.†

THOUGH writers like Herbert Spencer and John Fiske have shown the futility and unreasonableness of materialism, it continues to have attractions for men of small philosophical comprehension. Had either of the writers named below gone more deeply into his subject, with the aid of the great philosophical expositors who follow the scientific method of inquiry, he would have written in quite another spirit. If science has arrived at any speculative conclusions which are irrefutably established, it has made the acceptance of materialism quite untenable. The basic element is not matter, whatever else it may be; and none of the philosophic, religious and moral conclusions to be derived from unadulterated materialism have a scientific justification. Such being the position of science at the present time, Dr. Prince's theory of automatism is not to be trusted (1). It is not up with the times, though he claims to follow and to reproduce Professor Clifford. Throughout his book the author betrays his lack of acquaintance with the subject as it is discussed in the works of some of the ablest students of the present time. It is only when one set of facts is looked at that the action of the mind is to be regarded as automatic; and those facts are not of such a kind as to exclude the idea of free-will and spiritual freedom. The position of Lotze, that spiritual personality is compatible with physical automatism, is altogether the more tenable theory.

* Selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift. With Preface and Notes by Stanley Lane Poole. \$1.25. (The Parchment Library.) D. Appleton & Co.

† (1) The Nature of Mind and Human Automatism. By Morton Prince, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. (2) The Philosophy of a Future State. A Brief Demonstration of the Untenability of Current Speculations. By C. Davis English. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co.

* A Satchel Guide to Europe. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The other work named is a small pamphlet (2), in which the author attempts to prove that materialism is the outcome of scientific inquiry, and that it proves the soul not to be immortal. His subject is much too large for the time and the space he has devoted to it. His conclusions are little worthy of attention, and his treatment of the subject not such as to claim any farther consideration.

Recent Fiction

'A NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE,' by Belle C. Greene, (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a well-written little story, somewhat hackneyed as to its subject, which is the various *isms* of old New England, and the barbarous superstitions of the old-time religion or theology, but fresh and bright in treatment. 'Zilphy,' the relentless critic of the severe ministers who seemed to enjoy 'shaking people over hell,' is particularly good; especially when she comforts poor, morbid little Desire, who is overwhelmed and conscience-stricken at having told a lie, with the somewhat dubious ethics, 'Land sakes! don't cry; that's nothin'; all little girls tell lies.'

THE exposure of 'A Hard Knot,' by Charles Gibbon, (Harper's Handy Series) as almost a literal transcript from one of Gaboriau's novels with no credit given to the French author and every sign given in the change of names and title that no credit was meant to be given, ought to prove a serious matter to the 'author' who has dared to 'borrow' or 'adapt' with such wholesale courage. Unfortunately, unless he minds the mental and moral disgrace, as he probably doesn't, since he was willing to take such tremendous risks, he will probably only profit by the discovery. Those familiar with Gaboriau will be curious to trace the wholesale resemblance, while those unfamiliar with the French volume will find in this an entertaining and clever detective story. It will not be strange therefore if very large sales are the result.

'AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE' is a charming little story in Miss Phelps's best manner (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Riverside Paper Series), her best being a judicious mingling of the humorous and the tender, with a wise leaning towards the humorous. It is the story of a lady who tried to build a 'home' for five hundred dollars, and who succeeded admirably. The point of the story is only brought out more clearly from the author's gentle concession at the close that He who setteth the solitary in families has ordered wisely. When the Serpent enters the Old Maid's Paradise in the shape of a lover for her friend and a probable lover for her cook, the heroine decides that 'it's no use being an old maid unless other people will be old maids too,' and begins to long for 'Tom,' though Tom was only a brother. Altogether it is a dainty and piquant little story.

Minor Notices

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER presents in 'The Women of the Reformation' (New York: Phillips & Hunt) an ultra-Protestant view of some of the most famous women connected with the Reformation. Her book has no literary merit, and her point of view is too extreme to make it of value as a historical work. She looks at the women of the Reformation from the personal standpoint, as individual women. As an attempt to show the part played in this great human movement on the part of women her book is of considerable value. It will without doubt be read with much delight by those for whom it is intended; and it will help women to a more resolute purpose in the religious work which interests them. Mrs. Wittenmyer's book gains an additional interest from the fact of her own labors as a nurse during the Civil War. It is from that experience of what women can do that she writes this volume of sympathetic appreciation of her predecessors in the work of reform and religion.

AMONG the later books of reference, one of the most complete as regards events and the dates of them, and therefore one of the most useful, is 'Heilprin's Historical Reference Book,' published by the Appletons. It contains first a chronological table of history, in which are given the principal events of each year from 4400 B.C. to 1884 A.D. inclusive; second, a chronological dictionary of events and places of importance, answering to the table, though sometimes entering more into details; and third, a biographical dictionary, which is largely the complement of the two preceding parts. The work is compiled with evident care and good judgment, and is probably less open to criticism than such works usually are. Nothing, of course, is easier than to find fault with a work of this kind. There never has been, and never will be, one that somebody will not be quick to carp at. So long as human opinions differ there must always be those who will wonder, honestly or captiously, at the omission in some such work of all reference to certain events and persons, or that so much was said of other events and persons, about whose importance they entirely differ with the editor. It is the easiest sort of criticism, and arises quite as often from ignorance as from knowledge. This volume is no more likely to escape it than any other book intended for mere reference. We nevertheless venture to say, after a pretty careful examination, that no more useful book can find a place on the library table.

THE handsome edition of the famous and delightful 'Ingoldsby Legends,' issued by T. Y. Crowell & Co., is spoiled only by the florid, one might say floriated, binding. Each legend is framed in by red lines, the print is clear and good, and the form and size convenient for handling. Barham, the author of these legends, was one of the most entertaining wits and geniuses of his time, a 'full' man in the true Baconian sense of the word, and one who gave forth his stores of humoresque story and tale with a fluency and copiousness well-nigh unrivalled. The exquisite versification of the poetic legends has probably never been excelled in *tours de force*, in tricks, turns, and felicities, and in liquid flow. The gaiety and grace, and the weirdness with which the serio-comic strains run off—glittering threads from a reel,—show a hand practised in legendry lore and in musical combinations as well. No more charming book exists for fireside reading or as an alternative to the silent whist-table. The uproarious fun of the one is the best possible antithesis to the taciturnity of the other. A humorist like Tom Ingoldsby is a benefactor to the human race.

IN his 'Oats or Wild Oats? Common-Sense for Young Men' (Harpers) Dr. J. M. Buckley has written a practical and helpful work for those for whom it is intended. His title is not felicitous or fortunate, but his advice is good and sound. His book consists of a series of papers written for *The Christian Advocate*, informing young men how best to enter on the duties of life. After writing three chapters on the general opportunities and obligations of a business life, he takes up each of the professions in turn and considers its advantages and the evils which especially beset it. He concludes with eight chapters on self-improvement, care of health, economy, society and amusements, religion, and other topics. Dr. Buckley has made a book which can be safely recommended to any young man, and which will be of much service to any one who follows its advice.

The Magazines

THE opening article of *Harper's* is an exceedingly fine descriptive paper, the first of a series, on Labrador, by C. H. Farnham. The author has the true descriptive instinct, shown as much in avoiding, as in giving, description; and he preserves the perfect flavor of the one place he is dealing with, making the reader understand why he came to enjoy the very desolation of a seemingly quite unlikable spot.—

Theodore Child's article on Antoine Louis Barye is accompanied by spirited illustrations of the artist's extraordinary work.—The two serials are a delightful example of what seems almost a peculiarity of the present American novel: single chapters of rounded, symmetrical, enjoyable work, quite perfect in itself, without any thought of the morrow or of the *finale*. Miss Woolson's *Garda* is somewhat impossibly intolerable as a modern girl, but the story moves faster with its more unpleasant elements; while Mr. Howells's two ladies carrying on an entire conversation with perfect comprehension of each other's meaning throughout an unconscious omission of proper names, or indeed a mentioning of the wrong names, is good as only Mr. Howells can make that kind of work.—F. Espinasse writes entertainingly of the great publishing 'House of Murray'; Alfred Mathews recalls the important part played by Ohio in the great question of slave territory; and Dr. J. S. Billings contributes an article on 'Sewage Disposal in Cities.'—One of the most interesting papers is naturally the 'Reminiscences of General Grant,' by Gen. Horace Porter, an officer of the General's staff and a noted after-dinner speaker in New York. It is accompanied by an excellent portrait.

The Atlantic, while it frequently interests, does not often excite in us a burst of emotion; but this month it fairly startles us with a pleasant surprise. Mr. Henry James opens the ball with the first chapter of 'The Princess Casamassima.' From experience we did not expect to get to the Princess for many months to come; but in the meantime we are given something much better than many princesses: chapters so full of life and plot and tenderness and spirit as to more than reclaim the allegiance of those who had fallen from a great admiration of Mr. James's earlier style to a state in which it was impossible to read 'The Bostonians.' The secret of this new success is sympathy. It is probably not deliberate sympathy, for it is likely that Mr. James is trying hardest to treat his distasteful Verena Tarrant with sympathy; but the fact remains that the girl he is trying to make appear charming remains painfully unattractive to the reader; while the little old maid, the delightful child, the unfortunate mother, of his new story, are sketched in with a fidelity of generous insight none the less effective for the rapidity with which they are drawn.—Dr. Holmes gives us in new chapters of his serial another psychological problem.—'A Diplomatic Episode,' by S. J. Barrows, deals entertainingly with an attempt of the United States to pluck up by the roots a little island in the Caribbean Sea three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, ship it to New York, and sell it at the rate of fifteen dollars per ton.—Mr. Howells writes of the poet Leopardi; William Cranston Lawton of Ancient and Modern Greek; and Davida Coit of the Mediæval Drama.

In *Lippincott's* Miss Baylor's Britishers finish their tour somewhat hastily and depart. We shall miss them sorely.—F. N. Zabriskie, in an entertaining article called 'The Truth about Dogs,' gives the view of them which is to be expected when we remember the tendency of people who have painful facts to disclose to insist upon the value of 'truth.'—'A Chapter of Mystery,' by Charles Morris, deals with the recent investigations into spiritualism.—Marie L. Thompson's 'Story of an Italian Workwoman's Life' is a true one.—The *Monthly Gossip* gives extracts from some of Tourgénéff's letters, giving his own opinion of his favorite creation, Bazaroff.

The Civil War almost usurps *The Century* bodily; but no one will complain of papers so absorbingly interesting as General Grant's own account of the siege of Vicksburg, admirably supplemented as it is by the *Diary of a Lady* behind the scenes in Vicksburg itself at the same time, with her anecdote of General Grant's saying, when she wished to leave the city on the plea of foreign birth: 'No human being shall pass out of Vicksburg; but the lady may feel sure danger will soon be over. Vicksburg will surrender on the 4th.'—Mr. Cable brings us down to present prob-

lems with his article on 'The Silent South.' Mr. Howells's second paper on Siena is the most interesting yet of his Italian mosaic, chiefly because he does not attempt to vie with Mr. Ruskin in architectural descriptions, but remarks wisely: 'There are a few things in this world about whose grandeur one may keep silence with dignity and advantage.'—Mr. James's 'Bostonians' is more readable this month, but we do not yet see why any one should love Verena Tarrant. It is true, it would be equally impossible to hate her, but the mildest form of placid indifference is all we can imagine any one's feeling for her.—Harry Fenn contributes pleasing illustrations to his daughter's pleasant article on 'The Red Roofs of Sussex.'—'Crow's Nest' is a picturesque war-story by Mrs. Burton Harrison.—An article on Alaska by Frederick Schwatka is one of governmental exploration, but reminds us what a favorite summer resort for tourists that region is becoming.—Wendell Phillips Garrison, in a paper picturesquely called 'Connecticut in the Middle Ages,' writes of Prudence Crandall's school for 'young ladies of color.'—Mr. Stedman's article on 'The Twilight of the Poets' is encouraging even while it acknowledges that the present is an interregnum in the highest fields of poetic art. It is a time notable for the profusion and excellence of its minor verse; and some of us will not greatly care if we never have another epic.

Magnificat.

ALL that we feign of gracious or divine
In woman hath its type; each holy sprite,
Martyr, or priest, or saintly eremite,
Breathes very woman; all that doth refine
The arts, the manners, to her sway benign
Owes high allegiance; all things fair and right
Her weakness champions in the world's despite;
Where woman is, no house but hath a shrine;—
How oft, alas, profaned! Men crucify
Her gentle spirit, or to shame betray
Her innocence with a kiss; her agony
And bloody sweat the winds that ever stray
Forever witness; and her bitter cry
Goes up to heaven for vengeance night and day.
September 1, 1885. EDWARD J. HARDING.

Helen Jackson.

[Ina D. Coolbrith, in *The Overland Monthly*.]
WHAT songs found voice upon those lips,
What magic dwelt within the pen,
Whose music into silence slips—
Whose spell lives not again!
Clear ring the silvery Mission bells
Their calls to vespers and to mass;
O'er vineyard slopes, thro' fruited dells,
The long processions pass;
The pale Franciscan lifts in air
The cross, above the kneeling throng;
Their simple world how sweet with prayer,
With chant and matin-song!
There, with her dimpled, lifted hands,
Parting the mustard's golden plumes,
The dusky maid, Ramona, stands
Amid the sea of blooms.
And Alessandro, type of all
His broken tribe, forevermore
An exile, hears the stranger call
Within his father's door.
The visions vanish and are not,
Still are the sounds of peace and strife,
Passed with the earnest heart and thought
Which lured them back to life.
O sunset land! O land of vine,
And rose, and bay! in silence here
Let fall one little leaf of thine,
With love, upon her bier.

The Lounger

A NEW YORK journalist who met Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman in Chicago, some months ago, tells me he was much impressed by the Western editor. He is a man of splendid physique and great energy and enthusiasm, and he boasted to my friend that he was in the habit of going to the office of *The Current* every morning at seven and working till eleven at night. Since then Mr. Wakeman has broken down, as it was inevitable he should; but now, after a brief period of rest in a monastery, he is hard at work again. His pluck is certainly creditable; but in trying to establish a literary paper in Chicago, he is climbing a steeper hill than a wise man would attempt to scale. Thus far, I am glad to see, *The Current* has not suspended publication, and the editor announces that 'every effort will be made to improve it from issue to issue.'

AMONGST other complimentary notices of a recent book of verse, I find the following: 'You have considerable sense of melody, and a good deal of fancy.' The other compliments are paid by newspapers and individuals, but this one is signed 'Philadelphia School of Critics.' This is something new, is it not? I have heard of the French school of acting and the Italian school of singing, and there is even said to be an American, or New England, or Boston school of novelists. But a Philadelphia School of Critics! Will some one kindly tell me what and where it is?

THERE has been a gathering of Americans at Broadway, in Worcestershire, England, this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Millet and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hutton have been there for a month; Mr. E. A. Abbey, the Rev. W. R. Alger and his daughter, and others have run down from time to time. Most of the colony went to Stratford on August 29th to see Miss Anderson's Rosalind. Mr. Henry Norman, the correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* and other American papers—who is not an American, though he is a Harvard man—has been in Broadway, too, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gosse were due there early in the present month. Mr. Gosse having finished the proof-reading of his poems, is now devoting his whole time to his life of Sir Walter Raleigh for Mr. Andrew Lang's new series of English Worthies.

MR. STODDARD has declined the Athens Consulate, and some one who is not a poet—at least to my knowledge—will go to Greece (if he has not already gone) in his place.

WRITING of the *Petit Journal* of Paris, a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article reprinted in a recent CRITIC, makes an effort to account for the enormous success of that famous little penny paper. The effort is not a very laborious one, for it consists in asking M. Marinoni, the director of the *Journal*, for his personal views on the subject. That worthy man can think of but one explanation of the fact—namely, that 'the mass of the French people is above all things respectable and dislikes sensations,' and that the stories published in the *Petit Journal* are perfectly adapted to the reading of puredominated people. 'The women, above all, insist on decency,' he says. When, therefore, Mr. Arnold accuses the French nation of immorality—of 'lubricity'—he makes the very great mistake, the *Gazette's* correspondent assures him, of supposing that Zola and his imitators write for 'the mass of the French people'—the great, puredominated mass represented by the readers of the *Petit Journal*. Now that he has been enlightened, he is invited to retract his statements and apologize.

BEFORE he does so, however, I should like to remind him—if he has forgotten the fact, as M. Marinoni and the English interviewer apparently have—that one of Zola's nastiest novels ('Nana,' I think) was reprinted in full in the *Petit Journal* after it had already run its course in a less popular daily paper, and 40,000 copies of it had been sold in book form in Paris! (It was this demonstration of the fact that there may be two entirely different audiences for a popular novel, that encouraged the editors of *The Century* to reprint Mrs. Burnett's 'Fair Barbarian' as a serial after it had already appeared in *Peterson's Magazine*.) 'The one absolute rule,' from which M. Marinoni and his wife 'never depart,' in choosing the *feuilleton* for the *Petit Journal*, is that the stories which they print 'shall be decent and proper stories.' Zola's novels, then, being 'decent and proper' in the sight of Monsieur and Madame Marinoni and 'the mass of the French people,' I cannot see but that Mr. Arnold's case is clearly proved.

Mr. Morley's Retirement from Journalism.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

FEW persons will hear without interest, and not a few without regret, that Mr. John Morley is severing the last links which connect the member for Newcastle-on-Tyne with periodical literature. The brilliant and distinguished man-of-letters, who was in turn editor of *The Morning Star*, of *The Fortnightly Review*, of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and of *Macmillan's Magazine*, will henceforth be known to the world solely as a legislator or administrator. His connection with *Macmillan's Magazine*, it is announced, is about to be severed. Mr. Morley will enter the new Parliament free from the last hampering shackles which independent journalism, however practised, impose upon a Member of the House of Commons. The decision, sooner or later, was inevitable. Mr. Morley is not the first who has discovered that it is well to be off with the first love before you are on with the new, and both his health and his peace of mind would have been the better if on the day he was declared duly elected as the representative of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he had cut with a sharp knife all the entanglements which bound him to periodical literature.

Mr. Morley ceases to be an editor in order to become a Minister. Few things seem to be more certain than his presence in the next Liberal Cabinet, and as the functions of a Secretary of State are obviously incompatible with those of a magazine editor, even those who most regret that a literary star of the first magnitude should be obscured even by the purple clouds of political power must acquiesce in the decision without a protest. Those who have watched Mr. Morley's course with respect and admiration, to say nothing of those who cherish toward him still warmer feelings of intense personal sympathy and almost fraternal affection, have sometimes sighed as they thought of the change in the arena in which his victories have hitherto been won. It is not among those literary circles, in which connoisseurs smack their lips over the well-coiled sentences and vigorous epigrams of a great master of our English tongue, as epicures gloat over the *chef d'œuvre* of a favorite cook, that the exodus of Mr. Morley will most be felt. It is rather among the earnest, hard-working, serious-thinking people in the middle and working classes, who value writing not so much for how it is said as for what it says, that his loss leaves a great void. John Morley has been in his day, and still is, through his published works a great preacher of righteousness, of compassion, of purity, and of justice. When the contributions of all the men of our time to the spiritual life of their generation come to be estimated in the balance of unerring wisdom, we believe that it will be found that there are very few who have done more than he to quicken the conscience and stiffen the moral resolution of their countrymen. Whatever unbelieving shibboleth his lips may have murmured, Mr. Morley in all his highest moods is a Puritan at heart—a Puritan of Milton's stamp rather than of Cromwell's, but still a Puritan. The very austerity of manner which somewhat overawed those who never experienced the fascination of his smile revived reminiscences of the manners of a graver time. The passion for justice which glows in so many a page of Mr. Morley's writings, his intense sympathy for the weak and the oppressed, the chivalrous homage to women, which we have been used to regard as one of his distinctive characteristics, his uncompromising assertion of the supreme claims of truth to the allegiance of mankind, have all contributed largely to the higher life of our people. It seems strange that a man who has been a prophet and a seer among us should descend to handle the baser things of this world, and degenerate into a mere First Commissioner or President of a Government Board. There are many who are sufficient for such things, but is there any one but John Morley who could have written 'Compromise'?

Mr. Morley, however, may feel that he has delivered his message, and that he has no more to say save that which in the saying stands in no need for philosophic calm. The necessity now, he may think, is for action, not for discussion. 'As life's alarms nearer roll, The ancestral buckler calls, Self-clanging from the walls, In the high temple of the soul,' and that imperious mandate brooks no evasion. After having preached all his life he is now addressing himself resolutely to reduce to practice, in the clash of parties and the mephitic atmosphere of the lobby, the principles which in his closet he laid down for the guidance of his fellow-citizens. Even if mistaken, it is a noble effort. There is, indeed, sore need of such men as he in the soul-shrivelling atmosphere of the House of Commons. It may seem sacrilegious that such a man should leave the word of God and serve tables, but it is at least a gain that the Parliamentary tables should be served by men who bring to the discharge of their

duties some principle higher than the scramble of the caucus, some faith nobler than the mere cult of the jumping cat. Unless we are willing to give our best to Parliament it will be monopolized by our worst. That process has made great way. Among our younger men how few are able to carry on the great traditions of Burke, of Peel, of Gladstone, and of Bright! We do not say that Mr. Morley will compare with these political chiefs, for he also, like the rest of us, is not without his limitations; but he at least possesses what most of our rising men have not—an enthusiasm for justice, a heart aglow with sympathy for human misery and infinite pity for human weakness, and a belief as firm as that of any Hebrew prophet or theocratic lawgiver in the moral responsibility of man.

Lord Beaconsfield's Youth.

[From *The Spectator*.]

MR. RALPH DISRAELI has given the world a great pleasure, in recalling to us what we venture to regard as the essence of his distinguished brother, by the publication of some of the dashing and glittering letters which he sent home from Spain, the Mediterranean, and Egypt, in the years 1830 and 1831. They bring before us the most unique and even startling figure in our modern politics with singular force, and sometimes we seem to be reading allegories anticipative of Mr. Disraeli's actual career. If Carlyle had read these letters before the publication of his clothes-philosophy,—and had he known Mr. Disraeli's family he might have done so,—what illustrations for that book would they not have suggested to him. Naturally enough, the first thing which strikes and delights Disraeli is the variety of the Spanish costumes; and one of the first messages to his mother tells her that as it is the custom at Gibraltar not to wear waistcoats in the morning, 'her new studs came into fine play, and maintain my reputation of being a great judge of costume, to the admiration and envy of many subalterns. I have also the fame of being the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes, a morning and an evening cane. I change my cane as the gun fires, and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful the effect these magical wands produce. I owe to their use more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it? I forget.' But much more characteristic than his dress and his delight in flashing new and brilliant costumes on the eyes of his acquaintances, is Mr. Disraeli's use of dress as a moral instrument. As the author of 'Vivian Grey,' he felt it necessary to keep up a reputation for a certain picturesque insolence, and he does it by the instrumentality of dress. When a pedant bored him he gave him a lecture on 'canes' 'which made him stare,' and offended him as Disraeli intended. In Malta he created quite an enthusiasm by donning the costume of a Greek pirate. 'A blood-red shirt, with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue-striped jacket and trowsers,' quite electrified the garrison town. He got five invitations to dinner in the course of one walk down the chief street here. And in Turkey he made costume go further still. When he is speaking of his visit to Yanina, he writes: 'I forgot to tell you that with the united assistance of my English, Spanish, and fancy wardrobe, I sported a costume in Yanina which produced a most extraordinary effect on that costume-loving people. A great many Turks called on purpose to see it; but the little Greek physician, who had passed a year at Pisa in his youth, nearly smoked me. "Questo vestito, Inglese o di fantasia?" he aptly asked. I oracularly replied, "Inglese e fantastico." One can imagine Lord Beaconsfield making the same reply to an intelligent foreigner in after days, if he had been asked, 'That policy of yours; is it an English or a fancy policy?' 'An English and a fancy policy' he would certainly have answered, if he had been even as frank in those latter days as he was with the Greek physician, to whom, nevertheless, he would have been much franker if he had said, 'Not English at all, but fancy only.'

It is clear, however, that Mr. Disraeli used costume very much as he used language, to express not so much his mind as his audacity, his resolve to be different from every one else, to show the world that he could keep its attention, and yet not conform to its will; that he chose to mould his own fashions, to amuse himself by bewildering its weak intelligence, and finally to work on it his own will. We have a curious instance of this in a letter written to his father from Malta, when he announces quite authoritatively to the old gentleman his philosophy of life:—'To govern men,' he says, 'you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them. Clay does one, and I

do the other; and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. (Yesterday at the racket-court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life.) This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day.' If this had been a mere affectation, without being frankly confessed to himself and his friends as a gross affectation, we should simply have despised Disraeli for it. But an affectation adopted for the audacity of the freak, as Mr. Disraeli's affectations were adopted, somehow does not impress us exactly as common affectations do; they are rather improvised modes of saying, 'Look at me; here you see a man who is quite willing to boast of being what every one else would despise, if only he can thereby convey to the world that he despises it, much more than it can despise him.' Again and again you find in these letters remarkable anticipations of Mr. Disraeli's future career. The delight, for instance, with which he records that he 'made an immense sensation' in one land after another, suggests an explanation of the often fantastic conceits of his future speeches, as when he would propose to let the British Chambers of Commerce elect some of the members of the Indian Council, or describe the union of Church and State as resting on 'the Semitic principle,' or argue that we ought to have used our guarantee to Prussia of her Saxon provinces, given in the Treaty of Vienna, as a weapon to deter France from going to war with Prussia in 1870. Such flourishes were very like his request to the stiff rifleman to throw back the tennis-ball for him on the ground that he had never thrown a ball in his life. At all events they certainly answered the same purpose of making men stare, and being 'the subject of conversation at all the messes' on the following day.

Disraeli landed at Cyprus, and passed a day 'on land famous in all ages, but more delightful to me as the residence of Fortunatus [of the magic purse], than as the rosy realm of Venus, or the romantic kingdom of the Crusaders.' Was it then, we wonder, that he formed the wish, worthy of Fortunatus not only in its wildness but in its marvellous fulfilment, to add Cyprus, by his own unassisted volition, to the kingdom of which he was a subject? At all events, who can affirm, looking to the happy-go-lucky character of the policy by which he achieved this stroke, that it would ever have been achieved at all, if Mr. Disraeli had not landed on the island of Cyprus in his youth, and associated it with the happy spot on which Fortunatus was born? The air of grandiose caprice by which these letters of travel are so pleasantly permeated, had more to do with Mr. Disraeli's political future than most of his admiring followers would be inclined to admit. And when Sir Robert Gordon (the brother of the late Lord Aberdeen), our Ambassador at Constantinople, made him 'tumble head over heels' at a game of forfeits played in that city, he certainly was the means of making Disraeli prefigure, like the most figurative Hebrew prophets, one of the earliest and most remarkable of his political evolutions.

Of course these letters display the enormous vitality and energy of Mr. Disraeli. (No danger daunted him, no fatigue repelled him, no horror, among the many minor horrors of foreign travel, disgusted him with adventure.) But there is also a premonitory sign of his weakness as a Minister in the very characteristic avowal—'You know that, though I like to be at my ease, I want energy in those little affairs of which life greatly consists. Here I found Clay always ready; in short, he saved me from much bore.' Mr. Disraeli hated detail, even in cases where detail was of the very essence of statesmanship. He had an overflowing spontaneity of vitality, but very little of what by no means necessarily accompanies it—the power of attending closely to the uninteresting means, for the sake of the interesting end. (He liked life to be all interesting, and neglected too much the routine toil which was needful to secure success for the more attractive parts of it.) He wanted to find fresh interest in everything, even, for instance, in the costume of his servants, as well as in his own. He laments bitterly over the loss of a servant 'who wore a Mameluke dress of crimson and gold, with a white turban thirty yards long, and a sabre glittering like a rainbow,' especially as he had to content himself 'with an Arab attendant in a blue shirt and slipperless' in that servant's place. Throughout these amusing letters you see that Lord Beaconsfield wished to lead a life with a uniformly glittering surface, and indeed greatly preferred pain and hardship, with excitement, to mere comfortable dulness and jog-trot without it. The delight in a brilliant superficies for his life, seems the animating spirit of these youthful letters. It was the animating spirit, also, of his political career.

Three American Stories.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

THE Imperial idea of the province should be strange to American soil; nevertheless, nowhere else is provincialism so provincial. The States have no capital in any important political sense of the word, and might be said to be all province; yet they are curiously centralized, the centre having modern methods—pictorial painting, literary literature, and all the delicacies of selection and rejection that restrict the several arts within their own boundaries. It is the concentration of New England that has produced the small and exquisite finish of the American novel. And, meanwhile, the provinces are still producing the American romance. For the writers of such there is now falling in a good harvest of material. Twenty years ago—ten years ago—the Civil War was the subject of sickly stories—few, if any, of them finding their way across the ocean—the manner of which was enough to make a sensitive man wince. Otherwise the war was too recent for treatment. But by this time the events of the early 'Sixties' have made a tradition for the young nation, have given it relics, so that from its fields may be gathered bullets more ancient virtually, inasmuch as they have a history and a date, than the dateless arrow-heads of any of the unvarying and unrecorded Indian centuries. Here are memories and associations from which the impressionist novelist of Massachusetts would shrink as from something altogether ordinary and elementary in its romanticism. But with these remembrances Mr. Craddock has successfully and ably surrounded the events in his romance of intrigue, 'Where the Battle was Fought.' If the story were longer, we might find the references to 'Fort Despair' and the incidents of the Tennessee battle a little too emphatically repeated; and here as elsewhere in provincial American literature the influence of Dickens—so alien to the literature of the centre—seems to be absolutely inevitable. But, as it is, the whole matter stops on this side of insistance, and the scenery of the story is in the best sense effective. The Tennessee plain, cleared of its trees by the hosts of the war, but set with young thickets shaking in the careering winds; 'gray with pallid crabgrass'; bearing vague earthworks that meet the winter clouds; in whose sounds the ear hears the throb of the drum, the tremor of the charging column—it is a well and vigorously painted scene for a tale which has moments of grace and moments of power. The provincial note is softened as the story goes on, but it alarms the reader in one of the hero's first speeches. 'Every weed that stirs in the wind,' exclaims this young man, referring to the battle-field, 'is voiced with a terrible suggestion.' But he never does it, or anything like it, again. He makes no more new and revolting participles, nor do any of the other characters indulge in verbal freaks of a shocking kind. Some peculiarities of Tennessee manners, it is true, give rise to phrases that have their significance. Civilians, for instance, have a way of speaking of their 'pistol pocket' as naturally as an English cavalry soldier mentions his 'sword-arm.' The rustics that appear in the course of the story are treated with a singular sympathy and humor, while the torments of the provincial American conscience are once more forced upon our shuddering attention. Life is insecure among a people accustomed to 'pistol-pockets'; nevertheless, these primitive conditions are contradicted by a capacity for remorse and theological despair belonging to acute civilization. The narrative of a homicide by a poor rustic, Graffy, of his hiding, and of his death through a Fourth of July explosion by an admirable urchin, is among the thoroughly good and genuine things of Mr. Craddock's story. It may be mentioned that his girls are very pleasant and moderate, his Confederate veterans probable, and none but his predatory villains altogether unsuccessful. We have purposely abstained from giving the intrigue of a romance which is well constructed.

Far less artistic is the work in an anonymous story—'The Children of Issachar'—intended to show the lawless state of certain districts of the South during the first two or three years of peace. The descent of the hated carpet-bagger from the land of the thrifty Yankee upon the sore society of the South—newly disfranchised, ruined, and hurt in its curiously elementary pride of race—gives rise to some not ill-burlesqued incidents. The secret societies which were banded together to preserve white society against the insolence of the enfranchised slaves (the ferocious lawlessness of the defence, by the way, is more conspicuous than the danger) are treated by the author with an evident respect. Altogether, the political parts of his story are not without a strong interest of time and place. It is when he treats the violence of private life—the murder of a frightfully vulgar 'gentleman of the South' by his sometime mistress—that the inevitable provincialism ceases to be quaintly distinctive and becomes grotesque. There are, for

instance, a brother and a sister in this part of the story who remind us somewhat, in their mutual relation, of Tom Pinch and Ruth. But in the American writer's pages these persons exchange intimate talk and banter so rich in classical allusions as to overwhelm the reader, who really is not prepared for proverbial references to Capua and Cannæ, and Diana and Helen, and other erudition of the same kind; and is still more bewildered by the sprightly and allusive remark of one of the characters to the effect that the Graces outnumbered the Furies. Yet this learning is thrown off quite lightly in almost every sentence of the politer conversation; it balances the Biblical quotations of the more vulgar people. With the manners of these latter the author intends to amuse us, and he succeeds in some instances uncommonly well. It is, indeed, a pity that he should have been led into those fascinating pranks elsewhere. And, *à propos*, it is interesting to note the almost invariable skill and delicacy of adjustment with which contemporary American writers handle the English of every day. In purely modern speech they show a fine and charming discernment as to the selection and variety and value of words. But where a word is in any notable degree academic or scholarly they shoot wild indeed. Mr. Henry James, in his very last volume, rashly uses 'derelict' as though it meant 'negligent' or 'remiss.' Yet few writers employ common words with a more uncommon fitness than does Mr. James.

The third of these American novels is altogether of New England. Its scene is laid in that Newport of which we have all heard a good deal at various times; its subject is strictly social, and it is more curious than the author knows. For no one in the effete world of Europe would be bold enough to insist upon distinctions of class with the enthusiasm, the integrity, and the singleness of mind displayed by the persons in 'Tinkling Cymbals.' Between class and class the scorn is complete, the derision confessed, the aspiration frank. No phrases are wasted over any affectations as to the claims of talent or merit; nor are we called upon to watch the feud of clique against clique, on an equality. It is quite simply a question of higher and lower—the heights being held by 'colossal opulence' and 'brilliant pedigree' in combination, or by the opulence without the pedigree, if the opulence is exceptionally colossal. Newport, as the reader is probably aware, boasts of a 'cottage society,' within which the patrician withdraws himself from the crowds of such rowdy places as Saratago and Narraganset; and the man who marries the heroine explains to her quite frankly how nice a thing it is, and that he belongs to it. By the way, the manner in which this marriage takes place quite disabuses us of our impression as to a change in American manners. We had been led to believe in a little reaction in favor of chaperons for girls, and of some kind of social existence for elderly ladies. But Leah Romilly, the heroine, aged seventeen, has arrived at Newport with her mother for a season, and on their first walk abroad with a gentleman of their acquaintance they meet two girls whom they know. These girls talk to Leah without any reference to her mother, and introduce to her their own companion, Tracy Tremaine (the 'swell'), with perfectly open jests and jokes about his admiration for Leah. The man and maid are then left together, the mother watching the scene from a respectful distance. A correspondence follows at once, and Mr. Tremaine drives Miss Romilly about Newport, Mrs. Romilly watching their departure from an upper window. She takes a similar attitude morally with regard to the engagement that quickly ensues. The story is so slight as not to be worth the tracing here. By the way, as the influence of Dickens is always evident in the provincial novel, so is that of George Eliot in the novel of the American centre. In 'Tinkling Cymbals' we have something more than a sign of mere influence; the author has assimilated 'Daniel Deronda' to too evident purpose. His Newport Gwendolen tyrannizes over a mother whose faded sadness is fitter for Mrs. Davilow than for the philosophic New England platform woman, Mrs. Romilly; and an artistic Daniel undertakes a pastorate toward the heroine which strongly recalls the leading human relation in so many of George Eliot's books. Needless to say that the similarity does not go far down. The ethics of Mr. Fawcett's story are commonplace enough. And the quality of the resolute scholarship, displayed in the conversations, may be judged of from the remark of a learned Mrs. Morrison: 'I like to think of Plato's Academe as a place where the walks are kept well-tended, and where the disciples wore togas that drooped gracefully.'

Members for a British Academy.

[[From *The London Daily News*.]]

✓ RATHER more than a year ago the American journal, THE CRITIC, asked for the opinions of its subscribers as to the 40

Americans who, in the event of the establishment of an American Academy after the model of the Académie Française, would be first entitled to become members of it. This summer an imaginary British Academy has been formed by a similar process. The 40 chosen ones are: Lord Tennyson, Prof. Huxley, W. E. Gladstone, Prof. Tyndall, G. A. Sala, Mr. Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Sir H. Thompson, W. Black, Sir J. Lubbock, Duke of Argyll, Leslie Stephen, George Meredith, Sir Richard Owen, Cardinal Newman, Mr. Browning, R. A. Proctor, Mr. Froude, John Morley, Lord Dunraven, Henry Irving, A. C. Swinburne, E. A. Freeman, Walter Besant, Edward Arnold, G. MacDonald, Justin McCarthy, James Payn, Mr. Wills, W. Morris, Prof. Blackie, Archdeacon Farrar, Baring-Gould, Wilkie Collins, Lord Lytton, Prof. Skeat, Andrew Lang, Prof. Gardiner, and Austin Dobson. Some great names are conspicuous by their absence from this list, but the selection is not upon the whole an unrepresentative one, and it is particularly interesting as showing the extent to which, thanks no doubt to the cheapness of the reprints supplied to them, our American cousins pursue the study of our most modern literature. It would be well if the transatlantic appreciation of the labors of these and other living Englishmen meant proportionate remuneration to our unfortunate authors. It may be satisfactory to a writer to know that his books are read by thousands of sympathetic men and women who live between New York and San Francisco; but at present he is sadly conscious that his American popularity profits him little or nothing. The publisher who sells a reprint of 'The Data of Ethics' for 10 cents does not, we imagine, contribute very largely to Mr. Herbert Spencer's income; and he must be indeed a philosopher who can find consolation for having been robbed in the fact that he has been elected a member of an academy in Utopia.

Two Eminent Painters.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

FEW among the many distinctions which have been conferred during the week have met with more general approval than the offer of baronetcies to Mr. Millais and to Mr. Watts. But in declining the honor offered him Mr. Watts has only done what all who admire his genius expected; for there would have been an obvious incongruity in the acceptance of a titular distinction by a man whose life has been devoted to high ideal aims in scorn of popular applause. Mr. Watts alone almost among our leading painters holds up the banner of idealism in a realistic generation, and stands faithful to the belief that the business of a great painter is to attempt great themes, not to sublimate little ones—that it is better even to fail in showing the beauty of holiness than to succeed in showing the poetry of mud. This excellence is conspicuous in his principal contribution to the art of the year, now exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, entitled 'Love and Life.' It is a group of two figures—Love, a winged adolescent, with grave and tender protection, encouraging Life, a delicate female figure, to pursue the ascent of a rough mountain path that wounds her feet. This lovely group is bathed in a sort of purple atmosphere, an opalescent flush, which surrounds the two figures, and slightly dims them. Very exquisite and imaginative, but not carried so far in execution as some of Mr. Watts' compositions, it attracts few minds and is unintelligible to many.

The other Academician on whom a baronetcy has been conferred was born at Southampton in 1829, his family being of Jersey extraction. John Everett Millais became a student at the Royal Academy at the age of eleven, and during his period of studentship, with his friends Hunt and Rossetti, founded the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. Mr. Millais has carried his sparingly used youth into middle life. In addition to a natural buoyancy of disposition he cultivates a cheery view of life, never indulging in 'vulgar despondency.' There is nothing in his character moody or self-involved; he is very open in his expressions of joy or vexation. His painting is his passion. Not only is he master of his art, but art is also his master, and he the devoted slave. He began to earn money while still a child illustrating books and book-covers, making designs for china and silver plate—any work, in fact, which would bring in a little money. He was a devoted son, working with untiring energy for a father who not only expected great things, but also demanded, one might almost say exacted, great labor from his son. Mr. Millais, senior, married a widow, a Mrs. Hodgkinson. She had one son by her first marriage, who always loved and admired his young step-brother, John Everett. Mr. Millais's father had a dash of the Bohemian about him, which has not descended to his son. He delighted in music, playing and singing enchantingly to the guitar anything he heard; his musical memory was surprising. Mr. Millais himself much enjoys music,

though his taste is untrained. He used to say that he would have an organ in his new studio at Palace-gate, but as yet no organ peals forth in the great studio where Mr. Millais paints, forgetful of everything but his work. The fine house which he built a few years ago at Palace-gate is not fanciful, and what now goes by the name of artistic—a spacious marble hall, a broad marble staircase leading up to the drawing-room, which adjoins the studio. At the top of the staircase a marble basin, in the centre of which is a black marble seal, by Mr. Boehm; from its jaws the water trickles, keeping up a slight current for the benefit of the goldfish. His studio is not filled with the conventional 'properties' of painters; everything is on a large, grand scale; on the parqueted floor a very beautiful Eastern carpet; the walls of panelled oak, lighted by the great north-east window. With every comfort, it is, nevertheless, a place for work and thought, resembling neither a bazaar nor a boudoir, as so many studios do. The public always expect a great deal from their favorite painter. Not only must we have one subject picture, such as 'The Ornithologist,' at the Academy, and the portrait of one of our leading men, as Mr. Gladstone, at the Grosvenor, but we could not do without the baby girl, painted as only Millais can paint her. And we are not disappointed this year.

Current Criticism

MR. CHILDS AND HIS FRIENDS.—The walls of the chief drawing-room of Mr. George W. Childs's villa at Elberon are studded with photographs and portraits of distinguished men who have enjoyed Mr. Childs's splendid hospitality. They form in a way a very striking sort of history, calling to mind the life and deeds of many who have done great things in statesmanship, war, literature and finance. One by one the originals have been dropping out of life, until now comparatively few of the pictures represent living men. The most noted of all and the latest to go is General Grant, who passed many of his happiest hours under Mr. Childs's roof. There are several portraits of him, taken in various lights and attitudes, and at intervals ranging over fifteen or twenty years. Mrs. Childs has recently given one of them to Colonel Grant, who never had a portrait of his late father. There is also a picture of Dickens in the midst of a group of near relatives and friends. It was given to Mrs. Childs by the wonderful storyteller himself, and bears his autograph.—*The Philadelphia Press*.

MR. RUSKIN ON OVER-WORK.—Now that Mr. Ruskin is, we may fairly hope, well on the way to recovery, it is interesting to recall what he said about a similar illness seven years ago. His brain-fever was brought on, according to the doctors, from over-work. 'But I had not, Mr. Ruskin objected, been then working more than usual, and what was usual with me had become easy. But I went mad because nothing came of my work. People would have understood my falling crazy if they had heard that the manuscripts upon which I had spent seven years of my old life had all been used to light the fire with, like Carlyle's first volume of "The French Revolution." But they could not understand that I should be the least annoyed, far less fall ill in a frantic manner, because, after I had got them published, no one believed a word of them. Yet the first calamity would only have been misfortune—the second (the enduring calamity under which I toil) is humiliation—resisted necessarily by a dangerous and lonely pride.' Perhaps Mr. Ruskin now, too, has not been working more than usual; but then work which is easy in middle life soon becomes excessive when a man is sixty-six. One can only hope that when Mr. Ruskin is well enough to set his literary house in order again, he may be induced to leave the completion of some of his scientific and artistic books to those pupils 'who are well on the way to do better than their master,' and will make his own 'Autobiography' the first charge on what we hope may still be many years of literary activity.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

UNLIKENESSES OF SHAKESPEARE.—'The Portraits of Shakespeare,' by J. Parker Norris (Philadelphia: R. M. Lindsay), far in advance of the work of Boaden, of Wivell, and of Friswell, leaves little to be desired, except that the material for such a study were of higher artistic quality and of more authentic value. Thirty-three well-executed illustrations make the possessor of the luxurious quarto acquainted with almost every likeness and unlikeness of Shakespeare which he would care to inspect, or from which he would choose to avert his eyes, from the Stratford bust to Ward's statue in Central Park, New York. Mr. Norris in his text sets forth all the facts connected with the several portraits—genuine or spurious—fully, exactly, and without waste of

words. The work was worth doing, and has been worthily done; but it is a melancholy reflection that of the portraits—upwards of thirty—described by Mr. Norris, only two (the First Folio Droeshout and the Stratford bust) are certainly likenesses of Shakspeare, and that neither of these has caught the spirit in the face. The Dutch poet, Bilderdijk, and Robert Southey, in his epistle to Allan Cunningham, were moved to sing their wrath on sight of a collection of their unlikenesses. We can imagine that even Shakspeare's gentleness might give place to humorous indignation were he to set eyes on the Jennings imbecile, the Dunford cut-throat, or the Zincke impostor, who smiles and smiles and is a villain.—*Edward Dowden, in The Academy.*

A POEM OF HEREDITY.—The earnest student of poetry will, no doubt, feel the lack of sincerity in 'Glenaveril,' which, in spite of its fertility of invention and brilliancy of dialogue, may strike some as monstrous in mere invention. He will miss the power of evolving typical forms 'more real than living man' from the shifting world around, and that incommunicable gift of turning each word that drops from the poet's mouth into the pearls and precious stones of speech. But apart from these rare and superlative qualities 'Glenaveril' may be said to possess most of the merits which a mere narrative poem can possess. It touches on a wonderful variety of topics, the burning questions and most picturesque characteristics of the day, while rarely losing sight of the central idea, of which the many incidents of the story are but so many ramifications. This central idea is one which has also laid the deepest hold of our generation, Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer having convinced us of the inevitable law of heredity, while George Eliot was probably the first to embody their scientific teaching in fiction. The motive of 'Felix Holt,' 'The Spanish Gypsy,' and 'Daniel Deronda' is partly the same as that of 'Glenaveril'—that of an individual severed at birth from all the links which would have made him a member of a particular family, rank in life, nation, and even race, and placed in conditions and among influences destined to radically alter original character and mental bias, but showing that the force of ante-natal tendencies and inherited instincts is stronger than all after effects of circumstance and education, and that the current of life will inevitably seek to mingle with its source. In this respect there are curious similarities between 'The Spanish Gypsy' and 'Glenaveril,' but there all likeness ends.—*The Athenæum.*

Notes

'A CAPTIVE of Love,' founded upon Bakin's Japanese romance, 'Kumono Tayema Ama Yo No Tsuki' ('the moon shining through a cloud-rift on a rainy night'), by Edward Greey, author of 'The Golden Lotus,' 'Young Americans in Japan,' etc., with twenty-six illustrations from the original work, is in the press of Lee & Shepard, and will be issued soon.

General Grant's Autobiography is to be published in England by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., who will be the agents, says *The Athenæum*, through whom foreign editions of the book will be negotiated.

Francis F. Browne's poem on the death of Grant, recently reprinted in these columns under the title of 'Vanquished,' should have been credited to the *Chicago Daily News*. It made its first appearance in that paper, but was stolen by the *Troy Times*, and the latter journal got much of the credit for it without deserving the least.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus comments on an advertisement in THE CRITIC of August 8:—The latest novelty in hero worship reaches us from New York in the form of the offer of 'A Personal Souvenir of the Dead Hero.' The announcement reads: 'We are prepared to supply a few autographs, obtained by us personally from General Grant, and written in our presence. The autographs are excellent specimens, neatly written on card-board, and have each full date and complimentary subscription attached. We supply them at 1 dol. each, or six for 5 dols. Address —.' This is certainly an opportunity not to be passed over by the daily extending corps of autograph hunters.

'The Breadwinners,' says the *Tribune*, 'has had a large circulation in book-form. Harper & Brothers have sold some 25,000 copies in this country; two large editions—cumbersomely printed and bound—have been sold in England, besides a much larger one in paper covers; 3000 in Australia; it has achieved the honors of piracy in Canada and Nova Scotia; has been translated into French and published as a serial in the *Revue Britannique*, of Paris; an edition in book form is announced by Hachette & Cie.; it is published in German at Stuttgart; and in

Swedish at Chicago and Stockholm. But more than all this, Baron Tauchnitz has given it the seal of his august approval, and prints it as No. 2248 in his collection of British authors.'

—A 'Life of Prince Bismarck,' on which Mr. Lowe, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, has been engaged for some years, is now so near completion that Messrs. Cassell are able to announce its early issue in two-volume form. 'Mr. Lowe would probably have been expelled from Berlin long ago, but for this book,' the *Herald* says. 'The Iron Chancellor has swallowed more than one pill administered by the *Times* correspondent, rather than quarrel with the man who is writing his history.'

—Mr. Howells is going abroad to spend the winter and spring in Italy and Switzerland. His literary work will not be interrupted by this arrangement.

—Mowbray Morris is Mr. Morley's successor in the editorship of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

—A useful companion volume to 'Men of the Time' will be T. Humphrey Ward's 'Men of the Reign'—a biographical dictionary of notable personages of both sexes who have died during the reign of Queen Victoria.

—Baker & Taylor announce as nearly ready a new edition of the Waverley Novels in 25 volumes, illustrated with 158 steel plates, and containing copyright notes from the author's pen, not hitherto published, besides others by the editor, the late David Laing, with a general index, and separate indices and glossaries. The same house also announce fac-simile reprints of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Walton's 'Complete Angler,' and Herbert's 'Temple.'

—At the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have set up a comparative exhibit of original water-color paintings, and their chromo-lithographic reproductions, showing the remarkable perfection to which the reproductive art has been brought.

—Miss Greenaway's Christmas book this year will be called 'Marigold Garden.'

—*The Academy* says that Tolstoi's 'What I Believe,' which has already been published in Germany and France, but has been forbidden in Russia, is to be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock. It is an exposition of the Christian life in relation to its social aspects and duties, apart from theological teaching and systems of ecclesiastical government.

—That famous old Whig quarterly, *The Edinburgh Review*, may be expected shortly to appear as a monthly at half-a-crown. It will aim at being more lively and entertaining than its present editor has made it.

—The first two volumes of the new series of half-crown books which Mr. A. Lang is going to edit for Messrs. Longman, under the title of English Worthies, will be 'Darwin,' by Mr. Grant Allen, and 'Marlborough,' by Mr. George Saintsbury. The other volumes in preparation are: 'Steele,' by Mr. Austin Dobson; 'Sir T. More,' by Mr. Cotter Morison; 'Wellington,' by Mr. Louis Stevenson; 'Lord Peterborough,' by Mr. Walter Besant; 'Claverhouse,' by Mr. Mowbray Morris; 'Latimer,' by Canon Creighton; 'Shaftesbury,' by Mr. H. D. Traill; 'Garrick,' by Mr. W. H. Pollock; 'Admiral Blake,' by Mr. D. Hannay; 'Raleigh,' by Mr. Edmund Gosse; 'Ben Jonson,' by Mr. J. A. Symonds; 'Isaak Walton,' by Mr. Lang; 'Canning,' by Mr. F. H. Hill.

—Mr. Cope Whitehouse has a long communication on 'The Reian Basin of Lake Mœris' in *The Athenæum* of August 29. It is illustrated by a map and a plan.

—'Fruit Pastes, Syrups, and Preserves,' a little book for housewives, written by the author of the 'Ugly Girl Papers,' 'Anna Maria's Housekeeping,' etc., will shortly be published by Cupples, Upham & Co. The same firm now publish Mr. David Mason Little's yachting views, including his recent photographs of the Puritan, Priscilla and Genesta.

—Songs and Ballads of the Old Plantations, by Uncle Remus, is the title of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's new volume, now in the press of Ticknor & Co.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the following holiday books. A handsome large octavo edition of De Amicis' 'Spain and the Spaniards,' with etchings and other illustrations by Gifford, Coleman, Platt, Terris, and Clements; 'Marco Polo,' by Col. Thomas W. Knox, and 'Pliny's Natural History,' edited by John S. White, both in the Boys' and Girls' Series; 'Historic Boys,' by E. S. Brooks; and the first volumes of their Story of the Nations Series. In general literature: 'The Treaty of Utrecht,' with a review of the war of the Spanish succession, by James W. Gerard; the first of the three volumes of 'Scriptures for Young

People,' arranged and edited by the Rev. Dr. E. T. Bartlett and Prof. John P. Peters; the Rev. Heber Newton's new volume, entitled 'Philistinism: Plain Words Concerning Certain Forms of Unbelief;' and 'Criss-Cross,' a new novel by Miss Litchfield, author of 'Only an Incident' and 'The Knight of the Black Forest.' Amongst their scientific and educational publications will be: 'The Evolution of Contemporary Religious Thought,' by Count Gobler d'Alviella, of the University of Brussels; 'Practical Economic,' a volume of essays on the experience of the United States in taxation and finance, by David A. Wells; and, in the series of Questions of the Day, 'The American Caucus System: Its Origin, Purposes, and Utility,' by George W. Lawton; 'The Science of Business,' by Roderick H. Smith; and 'The Evolution of Revelation,' by J. M. Whiton, Ph.D.

—*To-Day* is the title of 'a weekly review of art, literature, the stage and society,' the publication of which will be begun on Saturday, October 3. It will be an eight-page paper, ten by fifteen inches in size, and it will be sold at five cents a copy. Alfred Trumble is the editor's name and Weston Coyney the publisher's.

—*Shakspeareana* informs us that there is a Shakspeare Society in Quincy, Ill., composed of thirty-five young ladies, and that extensive plans have been laid out for this year's campaign.

—Robert Clarke & Co. announce for publication in the fall a new edition of Ward's 'Pollock on Contracts,' and a book by Mrs. A. F. Devereux, explaining the mysteries of 'Progressive Croquet.'

—'Michigan,' by Prof. Thos. M. Cooley, will be issued to-day by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in their Commonwealths Series. The same house will publish at the same time a new Fireside Edition of Cooper's novels, in 16 volumes; a new edition of Dr. Edward Robinson's 'Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament;' Bayard Taylor's 'Lars: A Pastoral of Norway,' with a biographical sketch of the poet, and notes, by his widow, in the Riverside Literature Series; and a new and popular edition of Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast.'

—Appleton & Co. have in preparation a new book by Charles Lanman, entitled 'Farthest North; or, the Life and Adventures of James Booth Lockwood'—a sketch of the young Lieutenant who lost his life on the Greely expedition.

—Miss Kate Sanborn has revised and elaborated to the size of a small volume her lecture on the 'Vanity and Insanity of Genius,' and Mr. George J. Coombes will publish it in a style uniform with Mr. William Winter's volume on Henry Irving.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1018.—If an article had already been printed in a small, non-professional paper, with a circulation of about two hundred, would it be wrong to send the same article for publication to a professional journal?

REX.

[It would be very wrong, unless the fact of previous publication were mentioned to the editor of the professional paper.]

EDUCATIONAL

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Baltimore, Md.
Statements respecting the methods and courses of instruction will be sent on application. The next term begins Oct. 1, 1885.

"THE NATURAL METHOD."

No. 3, Vol. II., will be sent on application to students and teachers of languages.
STERN'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES of N. Y. City, N. Y.

A COPY of any of Dr. Sauveur's Works will be sent to teachers by the author, on receipt of half the retail price.

Schools can obtain from Dr. Sauveur his new volume, GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE POUR LES ANGLAIS, at the introduction price of 80 cents, and the CORRIGÉ DES EXERCICES de la GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE, at 25 cents. The books are sent C.O.D. unless otherwise agreed upon.

Descriptive Circulars will be sent to Applicants. Address

DR. L. SAUVEUR, GERMANTOWN, PA.

MRS. J. A. GALLAHER has removed her School for Young Ladies from 450 Madison Ave. to 51 West 52d St. A thorough French education. Highest standard in English and Classical Studies. Circulars sent on application.

MISS SPRING'S ENGLISH AND FRENCH SCHOOL for Young Ladies and Children, No. 121 E. 36th St., near Park Ave., will reopen Monday, Sept. 28. Drawing, Elocution, Callisthenics and Sewing included. Lectures through the year on Literature, History, Architecture, etc. Special course for advanced pupils. Home, Sept. 16.

No. 1019.—I should like to find a missing line that occurs in a poem the rest of which my mother has remembered for sixty years. The first lines are:

Along the shore walked Hannah More;
Waves, let this record last.

Then in reply Hannah is represented as saying:

Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, choose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse,

And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse.

A. B. C.

No. 1020.—Can any one direct me to a poem called 'The Battle of Busaco'?

CHICAGO, ILL.

T. H. SMITH.

No. 1021.—Where, and at what price, can I get a copy of Pater's 'Marthus the Epicurean'?

XENIA, ILL.

J. B. B.

[It is published in two volumes, at \$6, by Macmillan & Co., of this city.]

No. 1022.—I have complete and in good condition Volumes II, III and IV of *Good Literature*, which I will exchange for the volumes on Irving, Emerson and Poe in the American Men-of-Letters Series, the same to be in good condition.

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

G. N. SWAN.

No. 1023.—There is an old song in which the following stanza occurs. Where can it be found?

Unto a woodman's hut there came one day
A physician and dancing-master.
This fellow's hovel must serve, say they,
For the rain pours faster and faster.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

J. E. L.

ANSWERS.

No. 1009.—S. Charles Dickens's son, A. J. Dickens, was not killed during the half-breed insurrection in Canada. He was in a position of much peril, but managed his force well, and got through safely.

No. 1011.—'Recollections of a Southern Matron' was written by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, wife of the Rev. Dr. Gilman, pastor for many years of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S. C. Mrs. Gilman will be ninety-one years old in October. Besides the book inquired about, she wrote a number of others, notably 'The Northern Housekeeper' and for a number of years she edited a little paper called *The Rosebud*. One of her three daughters, Mrs. Glover, was an acceptable, even a brilliant, writer.

CHICAGO, ILL.

C. H. B. R.

[The preface is dated Charleston, S. C., 1887. The book was formerly published by the Harpers and Putnams, we believe; but in the catalogue of John E. Potter & Co., of Philadelphia, we now find the following entry: 'Recollections of a Southern Matron and a New England Bride, Representing Southern Life as It Was, by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, \$1.25.' The above question has been answered by E. W. L., G. D., E. E. A., C. W. H., D. F. M., and M. N. N. H. C. Guthrie, of Penn Yan, N. Y., has a copy of the Putnam edition of 1882 which he offers to deliver, post-paid, for fifty cents.]

No. 1014.—2. Ginn & Co., of Boston, write: 'We have Miss Magill's "Pantomimes" on sale. The price is \$1. It cannot be obtained of Mr. J. S. Cushing.'

NEARLY EIGHTEEN THOUSAND MEN in 1884 were paid Cash Benefits under Accident Policies in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., or 57 for every working day.

The Christian Union says of THE CRITIC:

"One need not always agree with its point of view to appreciate the vivacity, pungency, and ability of its criticisms, and the skill and judgment which characterize its general editorial management. It ought to have its place on the table of every library in the country."